Pretty Little Things, Heart Sings by BeautyInChains

Series: Hoppingrove (Chief Harringrove) [4]
Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)
Genre: Age Difference, Anal Fingering, Anal Sex, Bottom Hopper, Boys Kissing, Crying, Daddy Kink, Endearments, I know - I went there, M/M, Older Man/Younger Man, Premature Ejaculation, Riding, Threesome - M/M/M, Top Steve, Top billy
Language: English
Characters: Billy Hargrove, Jim "Chief" Hopper, Original Male Character(s), Steve Harrington, latter is brief
Relationships: Billy Hargrove/Steve Harrington, Billy Hargrove/Steve Harrington/Jim "Chief" Hopper, past Jim "Chief" Hopper/Original Male Character
Status: Completed
Published: 2018-01-22
Updated: 2018-01-22
Packaged: 2022-04-20 16:28:02
Rating: Explicit
Warnings: Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Chapters: 1
Words: 2,201
Publisher: archiveofourown.org
Summary:

The thing is it's been years. Decades, even. Hopper hasn't really given that much thought to men since then. None of them have ever tickled his fancy the way Jackie had. Until now.

Billy and Steve indulge their Daddy.

Pretty Little Things, Heart Sings

Author's Note:

> I don't know what happened! I didn't know that I needed Bottom! Hopper in my life until I did. I hope I'm not the only one. I honestly can't recall the last time I read a Daddy Kink fic where the Daddy bottomed, but here we are. I am really looking forward hearing your guys' thoughts on this particular dynamic. I just find something very tasty about a big beefy man getting railed ¯_(ツ)_/¯
>
> If anyone is concerned about Hop/OMC it is very brief and used to establish some background on Hop's past same-sex relationships.
>
> Title is borrowed from Tove Lo's Vibes - she seems to be my go-to for this pairing. I've also turned this into a series to help keep track of things. I don't know about you, but I'm just calling it "Chief Harringrove". Does that work?
>
> The drill: unbeta'd, kudos/con-crit/comments most welcome!

The thing is it's been years. Decades, even.

Hopper had never considered himself as someone into guys. Not really. He had considered himself into one guy. One guy over one experimental semester at the local community college the year after he graduated from Hawkins High. Jackie was his name and he had been the exception. He was, objectively, beautiful. All the girls on campus seemed to think as much. And as it turned Hopper thought so, too.

They had played ball on the same team. Hopper remembers the heat that used to build in his belly as he watched Jackie run up and down the court in those stupid little shorts. As he watched the sweat glisten on Jackie's golden skin. As he watched every flex of every muscle.

Hopper used to get so hard. He remembers excusing himself to the locker room more than a few times and taking himself in hand in one of the bathroom stalls.

Jackie had caught him once. He'd forgotten to lock the door in his haste. He remembers the way Jackie paused in the doorway, licking the sweat off of his upper lip. Remembers the way his gaze dropped heatedly to where Hopper's fist was wrapped around his aching cock. Remembers the way Jackie had curled a hand around his own over the fabric of his shorts. *Don't stop*, he had whispered. Hopper hadn't. Not even as Jackie pushed his hulking frame into Hopper's, crowding him against the stall door, breathing harshly into the crook of Hopper's neck as they rutted together.

The first time they fucked was messy and urgent and perfectly imperfect. Jackie had fucked Hopper open on his thick fingers until Hopper was leaking all over his belly, begging for Jackie to *just fucking do it already*. It hadn't lasted long, but Hopper felt Jackie inside him for days.

Jackie ended up transferring out of state the following semester and that had been the end of that. Hopper hasn't really given that much thought to men since then. None of them have ever tickled his fancy the way Jackie had.

Until now.

Billy's leaned up against the headboard of Hopper's bed, leisurely stroking himself, licking at his lips in a very Jackie kind of way. Steve looks up at him, gaze surprisingly steady as he searches Hopper's features, as he runs his hands down Hopper's shoulders and arms.

"You sure about this?" Steve asks softly.

Hopper wants to laugh. Because they're not even half his age and because no, he's not sure. But being with Billy and Steve in this way has awakened something deep inside him that has been buried for a long time. Curiosity, desire, and undoubtedly groundless fear coil in his belly.

"Yeah," Hopper whispers, tries again, "Yes. I'm sure."

Steve smiles then, tips his head towards Billy who releases his cock with a slap and spreads his legs.

Billy grins as he pats the space between his muscular thighs, "C'mere, big guy."

Hopper rolls his eyes as he crawls up the bed, twists until he's laying between Billy's legs, back pressed up against the length of Billy's body, head propped up by Billy's shoulder. Billy chuckles softly, warm breath gusting against Hopper's cheek, hard cock a hot brand against Hopper's back.

"Heads up, Harrington," Billy says, chucking a small bottle and a foil packet at Steve before wrapping his arms around Hopper's chest.

Steve worries his bottom lip as his fingers curl around one of Hopper's big feet, "You're really sure?"

"Oh my god, Steve. He said he's sure. C'mon."

Hopper laughs then, drops his legs open, "Yeah, baby. Really sure. Show me what you got."

"Fuck," Steve murmurs as be kneels between Hopper's legs, fumbles with the lube. Billy pants as he watches Steve slick up his long fingers. Hopper can hear him swallow hard. He shifts just to feel Billy's cock drag against his back. Steve pushes at Hopper's thigh with one hand as he traces Hopper's hole with a finger. Hopper's cock is starting to fill out. Steve leans in, runs his tongue up Hopper's shaft as he sinks his finger in past the tight ring of muscle, slow and steady.

"Oh, fuck," Hopper moans.

"Yeah?" Steve asks at the same time Billy swears, "Jesus!"

"Yeah," Hopper replies. Billy presses a kiss to his temple, cups his hands around Hopper's pectorals, rough thumbs dragging gently across his nipples. Steve's pink tongue peeks out of the corner of his mouth as he works. He presses a second finger in alongside the first, fucks in more deeply this time, curling his fingers, searching. Hopper's breath catches in his throat, cock kicking up against his

belly as Steve finds what he's looking for.

"That's it," Steve murmurs as he pulls out before fucking them back in again.

"How's it feel, Daddy?" Billy asks hotly, fingernails raking over Hopper's chest now.

"Fuck, it's good. Steve, baby?"

"Yeah?"

"Another one, come on."

Steve whimpers as he withdraws his fingers completely, pouring more lube over the digits. He presses his fingers together, into a point as they find Hopper's hole once more. Billy squirms against Hopper as Steve pushes inside. Hopper's brows draw up tight, jaw dropping as his hole stretches to accommodate Steve's fingers.

Steve looks fucking gone, red-faced and panting, cock leaking and swaying between his legs as he fingers Hopper open, "Fuck. Hop - *Daddy* - I want-"

Billy whines at Steve's desperation.

"I'm good, kid. You can, fuck."

Hopper hasn't felt this wrecked in a long time and Steve isn't even inside him yet. Steve tears the rubber open with his teeth. It takes him longer than it should to roll it down his length with the way his hands are shaking. Hopper swallows hard. Steve's cock looks even bigger and thicker beneath the latex. Billy moans and gives a little rut against Hopper as Steve slicks up his cock, "Fuck. I love this part."

Steve urges Hopper's legs up and apart as he presses in close, cock dragging against Hopper's wet hole. Billy grips the backs of Hopper's thighs, helping to hold him open as he trembles. Steve dips down, kissing Hopper deeply, and then Billy before sitting back on his heels. He grips his cock at the base, slipping against Hopper's hole a few times before pushing inside. For a long moment there is silence save for the slick squelch of lube until Steve is buried to the hilt.

"*Ohhh fuck*. Fuck, fuck," Steve swears.

"Fuck," Hopper echoes, trying to get used to the feeling of Steve inside him, filling him, impossibly long and thick. His body is on fire.

"Oh my God, Steve-" Billy starts only to be cut off.

"Don't. Just. Shut up," Steve is still, eyes screwed shut.

"Babe-"

"No, no, no. If you talk to me I'm gonna come."

Billy moans, head knocking back against the headboard. Hopper breathes hard through his nose, trying not to move. He can't quite stop the way he clenches down, hole fluttering around Steve.

"Ah!"

"Shit, sorry."

Billy curls his fingers into Hopper's hair, twisting his head around for a kiss that is all tongue and teeth. Billy's still wriggling beneath them. Hopper's back feels damp and at this point he's not sure if it's sweat or precome.

"So fuckin' hot, I can't," Billy's half-formed thoughts get lost on Hopper's tongue.

Steve's finally collected himself enough to try thrusting into Hopper's tight heat. He starts with slow little hitches that have Hopper breaking the kiss, hissing as he bites his lip. It isn't long before Steve dares to pick up the pace. He fucks in hard and deep, balls slapping against Hopper's sweat slicked flesh. It feels so good. Hopper growls as Steve nails his prostate and he arches his back to meet him.

Billy brushes Steve's hair off his sweaty forehead and Hopper feels his insides twist at the way Steve's big brown doe eyes have gone all misty, lip trembling as he speaks, "I'm not gonna last, sorry, I'm sorry."

A tear slips down Steve's pink cheek as his hips buckle. Hopper pulls

him down and in, wrapping his arms and legs around the boy, his cock dragging against Steve's belly. "Shh, it's okay. You're okay. You're so good, baby. So good for Daddy. Come when you're ready, baby."

Billy strokes Steve's hair as his rhythm stutters, "That's it, sweetheart. We got you."

Hopper brushes his nose against Steve's, tensing around Steve's cock with purpose and then Steve is coming. Even through the rubber Hopper can feel the way Steve's cock pulses inside him, heat filling him as Steve whimpers against his lips. Steve's heaves a wet sound, like a sob caught in his throat as two sets of hands stroke over over body, soothing him, "'m sorry, Daddy."

Hopper shushes him, rocks him carefully side to side, "Don't be sorry, baby. You look so pretty when you come."

"So fuckin' pretty," Billy agrees, voice low.

Steve winces as he grips the base of the rubber and eases out of Hopper and over onto his side next to them. Hopper sighs at the emptiness, at the sight of Steve's tear streaked face.

"Steve? You wanna stop?"

Billy's so keyed up he's practically vibrating against him, but Hopper knows he'll do whatever Steve wants.

"No," Steve says, scrubbing at his eyes.

"You sure?" Billy asks and Steve can't help but smile at the way the tables have turned. He leans in close over Hopper's shoulder, pressing his lips to the corner of Billy's mouth.

"I'm sure."

"Fuck," Billy sighs, chasing Steve's kiss. Hopper can still feel Billy's cock throbbing against his back, smearing precome all over his skin. Hopper sits up, turns to face him properly for the first time since crawling into bed.

"What d'ya say, Hargrove? You up for a ride?"

Billy nods dumbly, fingers twitching at his sides. Steve is there next to him, tearing open another rubber, rolling it down the length of Billy's cock.

"Jesus, you're so wet," Steve mutters as he tips some lube out into his hand before slicking Billy up. Hopper watches hungrily.

"Yeah, well watchin' you work that fuckin' dick of yours into Daddy really got me goin'," Billy replies shakily.

Steve places the bottle on the nightstand, wipes his hand off on his thigh as Hopper moves to straddle Billy's hips. Billy's pink lips part, eyes going wide. He's not used to this. Sure, he's topped Steve before. But having Hopper on top of him, *their Daddy* on top of him was something different altogether. Steve's fingers find Billy's and they tangle together as Hopper reaches behind himself to grasp Billy's cock, hold him right where he wants him.

Billy holds his breath as Hopper sinks down, inch by inch. Billy knows he's not as big as Steve is, hopes inwardly that Hopper isn't disappointed by Billy's inability to stretch and fill him the way Steve can. But when he looks up Hopper is smiling warmly down at him. Fully seated, Hopper wriggles against him.

"Lemme see if I remember..."

Billy moans as Hopper rolls his hips experimentally.

"Oh yeah," Hopper growls. He stretches his arms out, gripping the headboard behind Billy to brace himself as he starts riding him.

"Oh my fucking God," Billy cries out as Hopper sets a brutal pace. Hopper is heavy above him, his weight pinning Billy's cock so fucking deep and sweet Billy could cry.

"Jesus," Steve whispers reverently as Billy's hands move to grip Hopper's hips, holding on for dear life. Hopper's thick cock is slapping against his own belly with each thrust, the sound so deliciously obscene. Hopper wraps a hand around himself, stroking firmly from base to tip and back again. He's never seen Hopper jerk

off before, not like this. It's filthy and gorgeous and Billy whines in the back of his throat.

The sweat is pouring off of Hopper now, dripping onto Billy's belly and chest. Hopper's getting close, and so is Billy. He can feel it.

"Da-ah fuck," Billy mewls, "*Daddy*. You're gonna make me come."

And God, that word. Hopper fucking loves that word. Steve curls in closer, licking his lips, eyes flitting between Billy's face and Hopper's. Hopper jerks himself harder, faster, fist a blur over his cock. His balls draw up tight, his cock swells in his grip, his body clenches down around Billy like a vice and he's coming hard, spurting over his fist, over Billy's chest and face.

Billy's jaw drops as the first rope of come hits his chin and he's following, nails digging into Hopper's hips. Hopper rides him through it until Billy is a twitching, whimpering mess beneath him.

"God, enough-ah! Hop, I'm serious."

Hopper chuckles as the grips the base of Billy's cock, raises himself up and off on trembling legs, collapsing between his two boys. He draws them in close to his chest, pressing a kiss to Billy's temple and then Steve's.

"Thank you," he murmurs softly.

Steve nuzzles into his chest, "What for?"

"For indulging an old man," Hopper replies, with more than a hint of self-deprecation.

Billy nips at his jaw, "Any fuckin' time."

"Any time," Steve agrees with a smile.